Unorthodox Therapy

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Unorthodox Therapy

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Summary

It was Hannibal’s idea to try this rather unorthodox form of therapy. Now, instead of an hour of peaking into the depths of Will’s dark mind, their sessions include Will pouring his seed down his psychiatrist’s throat.

Notes

Here's that top Will Graham content I was talking about! More Hannigram smut on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

It was Hannibal's idea to try this rather unorthodox form of therapy. Now, instead of an hour of peaking into the depths of Will's dark mind, their sessions include Will pouring his seed down his psychiatrist's throat.

Today Will is working through the anger he felt when Hannibal made sure that he ended up in the BSHCI. Now that Will knows this man's true nature, he doesn't hold back as he abruptly pushes Hannibal who somehow manages to fall gracefully into his chair.

Will growls, he wants to break the person suit Hannibal wears so carefully. He doesn't feel bad as he tightly clutches the cannibal's throat and seats himself on his knees above Hannibal in the chair.

In this position, he feels powerful with the added inches of height, and he squeezes just a bit tighter around Hannibal's throat.

"Tell me, Will, what is on your mind?" Hannibal rasps under the weight of Will's pressure.

"Drop the bullshit, Hannibal. Tell me how you wanna get fucked." Will grasps the lapels of his expensive Armani suit and tears the jacket off his shoulders.

The corners of Hannibal's turn up slightly as hazel eyes meet piercing blue. "Over the desk," he whispers.

Will smiles darkly before leaping out of the chair and tearing open Hannibal's shirt. Buttons bounce in every direction around them as Will anchors his fingers into Hannibal's hair and slams his slender frame face-first into papers that are now scattered across the desk.

He knows this man has inflicted far more violence upon others than Will could imagine putting Hannibal through. Will embraces every ounce of rage he feels as he rakes a sharp set of nails across Hannibal's back. "I want to see you break," Will says before reclaiming the bite mark he punctured into the side of Hannibal's neck last week.

It is only at this time, for one hour each week, that Will finally feels like he has complete control. Ever since suffering through his untreated encephalitis, Will has continued to lose his grip on reality. But with Hannibal, who has given Will his wholehearted trust, he finally feels a sense of command over the dark thoughts that plague his mind.

Hannibal's hand grasps the back of his thigh, bringing Will back into the moment. "Stay with me, Will. Don't lose yourself in the quiet of the stream," Hannibal says before dropping his pants to reveal his already slicked hole.

"Where else would I go? No one else would moan so sweetly for me," Will responds as he thrusts two fingers deep within Hannibal, so practiced in this act now that he can nail his psychiatrists' prostate with a quick twist of his fingers.

And sure enough, Will can hear the light groans of the man below him as he thrusts back against the fingers that incessantly enter him.

This is Will's favorite part of every session — when he's able to fuck the rigid composure out of Hannibal and leave him feeling just as unhinged as he does.

It's only when he's decided that Hannibal has had enough of the torture that leaves him writing for more that Will rips open his belt and thrusts deeply inside with no warning. Will reaches below to fit his arm smugly across Hannibal's collarbone and pulls his body up so that Hannibal can feel each thrust more deeply.

Hannibal is patient, always so calm when Will enters him roughly like this. Hannibal does not dare to touch himself when he's put himself under Will's control.

When he can't take the quiet anymore, Will starts to stroke Hannibal's length in tandem with his thrusts. When that doesn't work to get a noise out of him, Will angles his cock to nail Hannibal's prostate.

The third time Will enters Hannibal in this way, he hears the soft groan echo from deep within Hannibal's throat. "That's it, just like that," Will releases his own moan in approval as he feels the tightness of his own orgasm brewing deep within his core.

But Hannibal knows he will not be afforded his own orgasm until he asks. "Please, Will. Please let me come?" Hannibal asks as he allows his body to be moved and used in whatever way Will likes.

Will weighs his options and decides the outcome that would be the most beneficial for this therapy.

"No. Not this time. You should think about how badly you need this, how badly you need me, like I did while I was locked up in the BSHCI because of you."

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